

Merry

Y



A

H

O

O

*bmmm . . . Jes? . . . Easter? . . . no, bub-uh
. . . ubhb . . . umm . . . oh, Geez . . . Jeez?
. . . nope . . . ubb . . .*



YAHOO

Holiday Issue 1972

Editor in Chief

Assistant Editor

Managing Editor

Complaint Department
(giving and receiving)

Suzanne Chamberlain
Brenda Furtak

Seeker of FUNDS
General Noodge

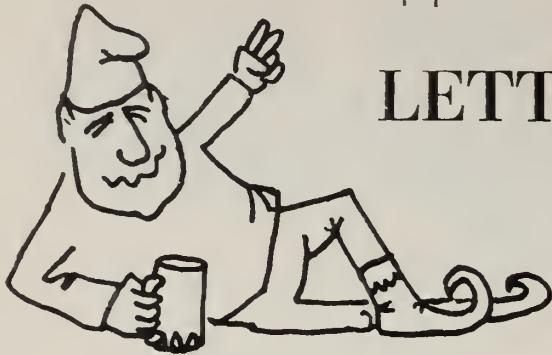
Terry Naylor
Tony Rea

Staff, contributors, and fellow

Dan Rosenberg, Alan Chapman— Bob Estelle, Don Patterson, Ed Wiley, Dave Stevens, Richard Newman, Sheldon Karp, Kris Jackson, Bill Foster, Gus Szlosek, Don McGilvray, Don Robadue, Jr., David H. St.Gelais, John Pollak, Jim Gold, Jack Koch, Pooh Ba, Woodrose Ballroom, the Minutemen standing in for Metawampe, Captain Video, Rob Brooks, Bill Field, Oz Tippo, Dick Story, Rick Hartwell, Debbie Cleaves, Roger Jones, Dave Axelrod, Bob Fowler, Nick Costa, Darryl Robertson, Vincent Gauron, the Kobaks, Bruce Balboni, the entire Student Senate, the Student Body, and our father, who art in Whitmore.

MAILER

No, this is nothing to do with Norman Mailer. Instead, here, we attempt to inform you of those guides and credos by which we endeavor to outline our policies and dogmas governing those rules to which we strive to maintain. In order to do this, first, we relate to you that we are entered as third class matter in the Amherst Post Office which is one of the largest businesses in the country, second only to crime. You ask, what does this have to do with our credo. Hah! It is now we tell you that YAHOO is the humor magazine of College of Natural Resources (Massachusetts Agricultural College) and the fact we are still around pisses a lot of people off. But, what relation does this bear. Perhaps it would be well to say that we come two times a year. So does the magazine. And subscriptions are \$1.00. So what, you say. So what if your address is RSO 106, Student Union, UMass., Amherst, Mass. 01002. What Indeed!



LETTERS TO YUSHNIK

To the Editor:

Your last issue of YAHOO was, in my opinion, one of the most offensive publications I have ever seen. The ethnic slur on page 14 was closely followed on page 15 by religious slurs, immediately followed by pages about drugs, perversion, sex, blatant pornography, and even some bad puns. Is nothing sacred? Have you no qualms about offending your readers? Don't you think you ought to spend more time studying your curriculum and less time pouring out such disgusting filth?

(name withheld)

As to your questions, the answer in all cases is no! We believe nothing is so sacred that it cannot be treated humorously, despite the fact that even WE are occasionally offended by what we print. You, of course, have the right to disagree with our editorial policies, and we welcome your criticism, though we likewise reserve the right to disagree with it. We'd also like to point out that our readers -- offended or not -- keep coming back for more, so we must be doing something right! And as to the curriculum, well, to be perfectly honest, it leaves something to be desired -- and it is that something we are attempting to both provide and experience.

Dear Editor:

Upon reading your publication, I am inclined to wonder what has happened to the gentle, bland, innocuous humor I remember so well from my wild and carefree college days.

A.M.

Boston, Mass.

It graduated, got stoned, and became the NatLamp. By the way, when the hell were you ever in college?

Dear Editor:

I thought the cunnilingus cartoons in your last issue were in poor taste!

P.G.

Bronx, N.Y.

You'll have to argue that one out with the staffer who thought them up -- he thought they tasted very good.

To the Editor:

When will you people cease with the ethnic jokes? They offend people!

LZ

Snurdville, Okla.

When people show enough maturity not to take them seriously.

Occupant:

Please fill in the enclosed forms, paying special attention to accuracy, as we want to avoid the embarrassment of arresting someone on the basis of inaccurate facts. Loyal citizens should feel no alarm: this is an opportunity to disassociate yourselves from

the cancers that must be removed. Thank you for your cooperation, as you will cooperate, won't you?

H.K. for RMN
Washington, D.C.

Look, Hank, this foolishness has gone far enough. You have until Christmas to turn in your cape, your Captain Midnight Decoder ring, and your license to kill. We warned you to behave, now, didn't we?

Dear Editor:

Upon reading this collection of letters, it occurred to me that you might be pulling the same cheap trick the National Lampoon pulls, and be writing your own letters to the editor. I realize that you and your fellow editors are people of outstanding integrity, great sagacity, and unerring judgement, but might you not nevertheless be pulling a cheap trick like writing your own letters?

Ed.

Amherst, Mass.
Absolutely inconceivable.

To the Editor:

Right on, man, and all power to the people! Hey what is this I hear about you making fun of the Movement?? If it's true I'll have my private layers on your ass before you know what's happening!

Brother GP
Lansing, Mich.

Get a Job With The State!

Win Friends and Influence People!

Think of the respect you'll get when people hear you're "WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT"!

Just think all you have to do is prove your patriotism of the U.S.A.! A simple oath is all you have to take, (NOTHING TO MEMORIZE), and YOU'RE INTO THE BIGGEST EMPLOYER IN THE UNITED STATES! NO TESTS! NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

The jobs are great and there are many to be filled. Get a chance to endorse the "ONLY WAY TO THINK IN THE WORLD!" And if any commie radical says the U.S. is the wrong way, you can PUNCH HIM IN THE MOUTH, because you're under oath to do so!

IF YOU CAN REPEAT THIS FOLLOWING OATH IN ENGLISH, YOU'RE HALFWAY THERE ALREADY!!!

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America and the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and that I will oppose the overthrow of the government of the United States of America or of this Commonwealth by force, violence or by any illegal or unconstitutional method."

—YES, THAT'S ALL! JUST FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TO THE **UNITED STATES DIVISION OF EMPLOYMENT, WASHINGTON, D.C. 50002**

THIS CERTIFIES THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE AND I TALK GOOD ENGLISH. PLEASE SIGN ME UP FOR A SOLID GOVERNMENT JOB RIGHT NOW!

name _____

address _____

zip _____

signature _____



IF YOU ACT NOW, YOU'LL GET A FREE "LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT" BUMPER STICKER FOR YOUR CAR!!!

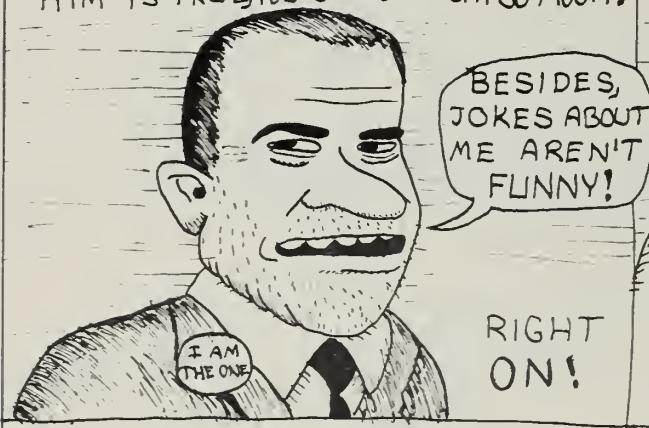
YOU PROBABLY EXPECTED
A YAHOO WITH THE USUAL
SHIT IN IT---



THERE ARE ONLY SO MANY THINGS
TO SATIRIZE!! THERE'S THIS MAN—



BUT, ALTHO ANYTHING YOU SAY ABOUT
HIM IS TRUE, YOU CAN ONLY SAY SO MUCH!



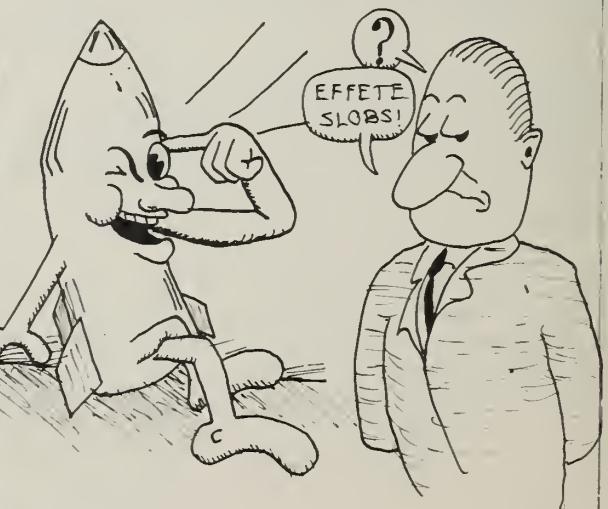
THERE'S JOKES ABOUT SEX-



THIS ISSUE IS DIFFERENT!
WE'LL SATIRIZE BAD ACID TRIPS-



SMART BOMBS AND DUMB BOMBS.



WE'LL SATIRIZE CATHOLICS--

AND PROTESTANTS

OM ♫
DOMINE
PADME
OM--
♫

URP!

WE
PROTEST!

DOWN
WITH
EVERYTHING!

FUCK
YOU!

END
IT
ALL!

KIL
SP

AND, OF COURSE, HIPPIES

OBOY!
SMOKE DOPE
AND BALL!
OBOY!

SPARE
CHANGE?

LEGALIZE
RAPE

WE MAY EVEN SATIRIZE
REALITY ITSELF

HEY, MAN, IS
THIS REALITY?

NO, THIS IS
SOUTHWEST!

WE'VE WORRIED AND
SWEATED OVER THIS ISSUE

OOOH, I HOPE
THEY LIKE IT!!

OOOH, ME, TOO!

OUR ONLY DESIRE HAS
BEEN TO GIVE YOU A
TRULY UNIQUE, HUMOROUS
EXPERIENCE

FUCK!
SAME OLD SHITIN
YAHOO!!

-Kris Jackson

Stiffer Parking Penalty Announced

U. Mass students were recently advised of new, more severe penalties for parking violations. As always, Yahoo was on the spot for a first-hand report. Our interviewer is Yush Nick, Yahoo reporter at large. The interviewee is Mr. Gunn Butt, newly appointed Director of the U. Mass. Department of Capital Punishment.

Nick: Mr. Butt, many of the U. Mass. students feel that the new penalty for parking violations may be a little radical. Would you care to tell us why the ecision was made to change parking penalties?

Butt: Well, of course you must realize that the penalty must fit the criminal. The feeling in my department, and indeed throughout the entire U. Mass. Administration, is that the recent increase in parking violations is a well-thought-out plot by student radicals. You can naturally see that radical students require radical penalties.

Nick: Would you care to release to the Student Body any details of this plot you mentioned?

Butt: Yes. The U. Mass. Department of Capital Punishment has been working in conjunction with the FBI, CIA, NAD, SMPTE, IIIE, NTID, NIH, NESEIMC, and others. Our informists tell us that the plan is: 1) to begin with the outlying parking lots -- M, N, etc. -- and 2) gradually work inward until students have taken over Lot 1. These radicals are getting recruits by claiming to want students, particularly commuters, to be able to get to class on time. We know, naturally, that the actual goal of these radicals is to make

faculty members get a little exercise and possibly lose some weight. Of course, a five-minute walk is unthinkable before a hard day of lecturing and propositioning coeds.

Nick: Can you tell us how you conceived this new idea for parking penalties?

Butt: Actually, this idea is not really new. I'm sure you are aware that the French have been utilizing this type of punishment successfully for many years. Our first realization that this concept might be used with parking violators resulted from a Top Secret study done in 1970 by the U.S. Office in Charge of Procuring Wood for the Manufacture of Aeroplanes.

Nick: Do you see this type of punishment being utilized by any other governmental agency?

Butt: We have recently been contacted by the Texas Department of Chicken Plucking and Snow Removal with regard to the use of our techniques in the treatment of drug offenders. I think I can say without qualification that this type of treatment with drug offenders would result in no second offense. In addition, the Mastodon Preservation Department of the State of Alabama has contacted us in hopes of applying this method to eliminate the truancy problem in public schools.

Nick: Before this plan was adopted, was consideration given to any other plan to eliminate the parking problem?

Butt: We briefly considered providing more student parking space near the central portion of the campus. This plan was scrapped when we realized that

the only area presently available is to be the site of the new 47 story Faculty Recreation Center. Since students will bear most of the cost of the new facility through fees similar to the present Campus Center fee, we felt obliged to cut all student parking facilities in the new building in order to keep down costs. As always, we were keeping the welfare of the student in mind.



THE BUMMER BOMBER

In April, 1972, Richard Milhous Nixon, age 59, visited Ottawa, our National Capitol. When he came, he came bearing a little black box, or, more precisely, accompanied by an agent carrying his little black box. "This," said a CP release, "is the famous one with the electronic signals that verify an order to launch nuclear missiles." Farout. Dick is capable of destroying the world wherever he happens to be in the world, at any and all times. It's kind of exciting to think that mankind as a species has reached such a pinnacle of technological expertise that one man can now destroy the world with a simple li'l black box jam-packed with highly complex electronic wizardry.

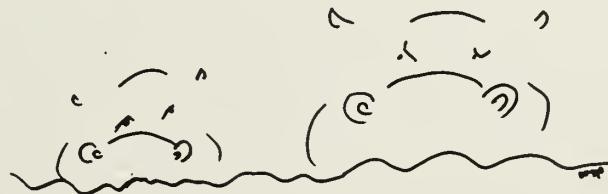
We Canadians want to make it perfectly clear that we are amazed at the achievements of our southern neighbors. We, of course, are a backwards people, not having little black

boxes to blow up our planet over political squabbles. But the day is coming when Canada will emerge as a proud and ultramodern nation, and mature enough in its outlook and sincere enough in its desire for peace to be able to fondle its own little black box.

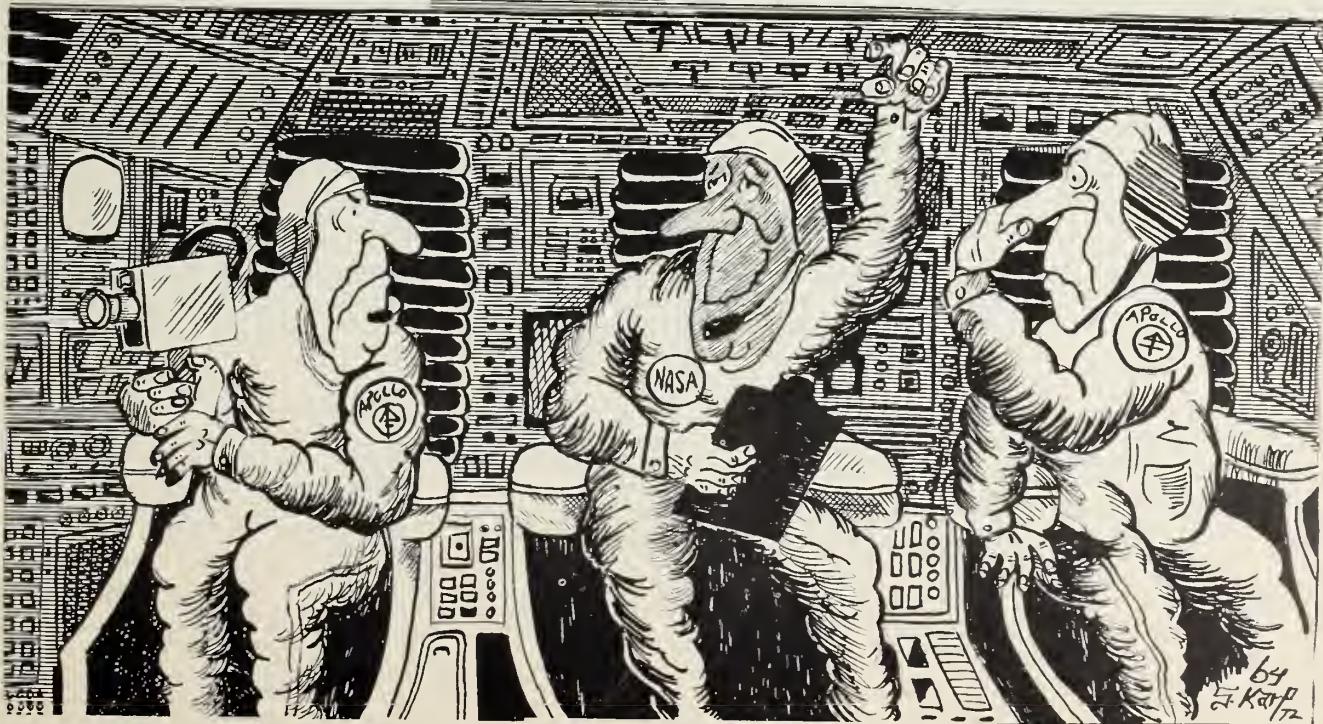
Before we can reach this exciting goal, we must collectively and individually rid ourselves of our silly and im-

mature devotion to human values; we must soberly recognize that human values are economically and strategically indefensible, and must be eliminated here as they have so effectively been in the States. We must face the facts, and the reality that goes with them: life is a dog-eat-dog affair that requires us to be prepared, if ever we are to have peace, for all-out war!

(an editorial from a subversive Canadian humorist who prefers to remain anonymous)



Why, the roc brought you, dear.



The Effects of Negative Reinforcement on Learned Positive Reinforcement Schedules in the Alaskan Brown Bear

Pairing negative abstract reinforcement with recently acquired positive reinforcement produced malnutrition and freezing behavior in the Alaskan Brown Bear. The S was trained on a simple fixed interval scale of 15 seconds. Water was used as a positive reinforcer, while fire was used as a negative reinforcer.

On the 10th session with a FI of 15 seconds, the S was switched to the pairing schedule. Upon onset of the first session of Positive plus Negative, the subject was administered the negative reinforcement when he tried to obtain the positive one. The results were that at the termination of the first trial, the subject was badly burned. Several of my colleagues stated that this procedure had to be modified or we would have Baked Alaskan Brown Bear. The modification took the form of the installation of two thousand American LaFrance fire extinguishers atop the box. Upon the initiation of the negative reinforcement, the extinguishers would douse the S with a chemical blanket of foam. After two trials on the -R and $\frac{1}{2}$ R, schedule, the S (suppressed) responding. General activity measurements recorded during the trial indicated freezing behavior. In order to cease this behavior, a mild current was passed into the box from a house-plug that was conveniently located close to the box. After current was applied, activity measurements went up significantly higher than normal, (tenfold). After ten more sessions, the S was placed on extinction.

Extinction produced cessation of all behavior, again indicating freezing. Upon visual inspection of the box, the S was found to be dead. Thusly the data clearly presents a problem with pairing a negative reinforcer with a positive one in the Alaskan Brown Bear. A second experiment was started, but failed after the subject broke out of his cage and went beserk, killing two people.

Methods

Subjects. One 950 lb. male Alaskan Brown Bear was used for the entirety of the experiment. He (had an age of) one year and six months at the beginning of the first session. He was placed on water deprivation ten days before the onset of the first experimental day. His name was Puffy, but was renamed Psycho after mauling two lab technicians.

Apparatus and Materials. A Super King-Size B.F. Skinner Approved, response and general activity box was used. It was designed especially for this experiment. It measured fifteen feet square at the top and bottom and was eight feet high. It was reinforced with structural steel and had a garage door for an entrance.

Positive reinforcement was dispensed through a used urinal that one of my colleagues stole out of a Greyhound station. The negative reinforcement was dispensed from a U.S. Army regulation flame thrower mounted above the urinal. Temperatures were measured within a ten-foot radius of the urinal while the flame-thrower was on. The mean temperature for that distance was five thousand degrees, sufficient to be negatively reinforcing, (Zoombis and Tweely, 1944). After the problems of the bear catching on fire were resolved, and/or completely vaporizing, two thousand American LaFrance fire extinguishers were purchased on an ASPCA grant from the government. To cease the freezing behavior, the house wiring for the building was connected to the box. This was considered a mild reinforcement as compared to the flame-thrower, (Eepis and Iggn 1543). Parameters were measured for the house current and it was found to have a voltage mean of 130, and an amperage mean of 20. Illumination of the cage was done through the use of fifteen mercury vapor lights diametrically opposed to each other. Later they were switched to incandescent when it was learned that the lights were blinding the S through an overdose of ultraviolet radiation. A Westclox Baby Ben was used as a timing source for the programming unit. The programming unit was a RCA 901 digital computer which was received through a grant from the United Fund. Data was recorded manually until it was found that the recorder was a habitual drinker. He was replaced by a Calcomp Digi-Plotter, which was graciously accepted from Alcoholic's Anonymous. Hi-power fans had to be installed to ventilate the area when intensely thick smoke would emanate from the S when the S-R was switched on.

Procedure. Ten days prior to the experiment, the S was placed on water deprivation. This was done by removing all opportunity for the S to receive water. Then for five minutes a

day, a lab technician would enter the cage and let the S have water out of the bowl. This procedure was terminated after the S attacked a lab technician. From then on, the S received water from a high-pressure water hose directed at his mouth for five minutes a day.

The sessions lasted for one hour. The schedule was a fixed interval (FI) of 15 seconds. The subject would have to depress the urinal flush handle after that period to obtain his positive reinforcement. After ten sessions of SR, the second phase of the experiment was started. This consisted of pairing the flame-thrower with the urinal flushing. After one trial, the fire extinguishers were installed. Then more incidents dictated that only two more sessions would go by before the schedule would have to be changed. The house current was applied whenever activity measurements went down. After ten sessions of that schedule, extinction was initiated. This consisted of leaving the shock, flame-thrower and water flushing at the same time. Occasionally for added entertainment, technicians were permitted to throw cherry bombs over the top of the box. The extinction session lasted one-half hour.

Results

Activity measurements indicated that the S would be most active when he was dodging the flame-thrower. Least active measurements were recorded at the termination of the fire extinguishers period. This was due to the subject freezing from fright, (Dubba, Yucca and Baduumph, 1066). A variable that might have been overlooked, but was later ruled out was that on the sixth session, the red-hot sides of the box started a small general alarm fire that burned three-quarters of the research building to the ground. Fortunately, the test-lab was in the basement, so when the device was dug out of the rubble (fifteen hours later), it was found that the subject was still responding, (to the amusement of all). Bar-press responding was steady until the onset of the third session, (SR & S-R). The S would not go near the urinal while the flame-thrower was on. My colleagues explained this phenomenon with the rationale that all animals are afraid of fire, (Doodoo and Yum-Yum, 1643).

(Continued on P. 35



UMass Police Bulletin . . . The Search continues for the person
or persons who stole the nearly completed UMass library

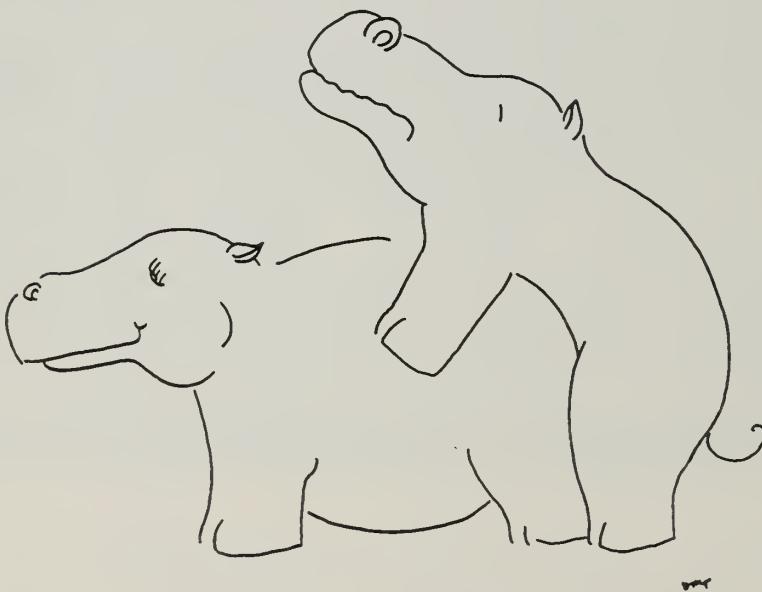
Yahoo Goes

To the poetry readings:

i'm a mole, baby, and i want to dig your hole
deep in the ground der's a dirty ole soul.
the soul is a mole and he digs digging holes.
now the holes come around just to play on his
ground;
just to play, not to lay on his ground.
but things don't come around
'cos the holes don't got souls;
so the mole don't give play,
to the holes he just say:
"say, don't just play, lay is the way, since
the whole of the soul is the mole in the hole."

i don't know where this is from
two hands without fingers point towards a six;

outside, it's not too light.
a third hand, the second,
rotates in its plight;
as dawn lifts her skirt, spreads her legs for
delight.
a hand with a longer arm points towards nine;
two faces, both being down.
in sight is the sun what has rising begun
inside dawn as she sighs with some thunderous
ayes.
but alas, things have passed into wearier ways;
sun's rays once so hot have grown cold.
though each day dawn does try,
she can only but cry:
"second hand round a lap, 'cos the sun beams
have clap."



For a big man yer light on ya feet, Ralph.

To the movies:

WAR STORY

Only a handful of films made it in 1972, but one that did, and did it big, was "War Story" from M&M studios. Because it did not receive the attention it deserved, few people have seen this extraordinarily popular film, according to noted filmmaker and winetaster E. Paul Bigley of M&M.

"War Story" is the poignant tale of love between an American GI and a Vietcong woman in the sordid ricefields of an unidentified country in Southeast Asia, in which Americans have been fighting since 1954 in an effort to force acceptance among the people of French as the national language, a goal which the French abandoned in 1954 at an unidentified battle at Dien Bien Phu. The tale ends in tragedy, however, as the woman dies of napalm burns and the GI is killed by their eighteen children who turn out to be Vietcong, which outpoigns the poignancy of some of the most poignant films of the decade.



GOMMORA PAID TRIBUTE

Senator Sodom Gommora was given a warm welcome in the city today, and a dinner was given in his honor in a local bar. Gommora, returning from a hard session in Washington, was rumored at having "written up" an important bill, his first in his 20-year career as Senator, was found later to be the Senator's over due electric bill from six months ago. Below is an important government document with Gommora's name on it:

RECORD

Senator	Vote
Brook	for
Jackson	against
Thurmond	for
Percy	against
Gommora	absent
Muskie	against
Smith	for

EARTHWORM FACTS

The average earthworm found in New England soil contains the following in its stomach: One large grapefruit, a late model Ford, the Aircraft Carrier Enterprise, a Saturn 1-B booster, and a 6¢ postcard.

MANY FOUNTAINS

Bill and Mary Fountain have had 38 kids.

OLE BAG

Today, Gramps Ole Bag, 181-year-old resident, reported to the State Police a nuclear powered sub doing ICBM simulations in his toilet. When the police arrived, Ole Bag was shot instantly. A search failed to reveal the nuclear sub, but a WWII German U-boat was found sunken amidst sewer sludge which had apparently covered it since 1943.

ASK LOW GARDNER:

Q: I have heard Raquel Welch has male sex organs. Is this true?

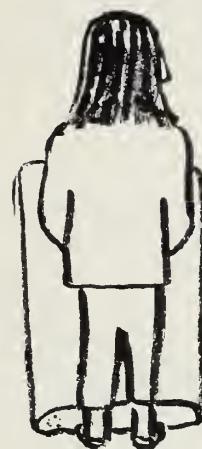
A: After careful examination of the matter, I conclude this to be false.

Q: Are Dick and Pat Nixon splitting up?

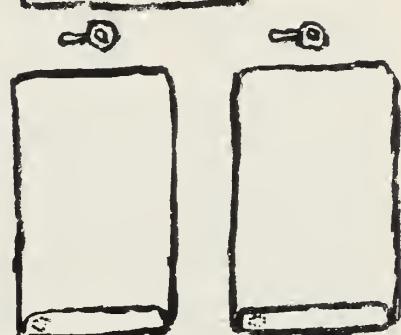
A: Sure. Dick splits Pat up the middle every night.

Q: Are you sexually impotent?

A: None of your business, you nosy fuckin' bastard.



DINING COMMONS
PICKUP
8:40, 10:20, 2:10



J. Polman

A hippy touring Newfoundland told some villagers they should smoke dope; so the next week they locked their mayor in the smokehouse.

One day a contractor hired on five Newfies to do construction work, put them on a job, and left. A few hours later, he decided to check up on them, and returned to the job to see how they were doing. On arriving, he found four of them working hard; but the fifth was hanging from a rafter, swinging back and forth, saying over and over again: "I'm a lightbulb! I'm a lightbulb!"

"All right," said the contractor, "you're through. Pack up your tools and leave." Seeing that all of them began packing up, the contractor said "Wait a minute! I just said he has to leave," pointing to the one he'd fired, "the rest of you can stay."

So one of the others spoke up: "It don't matter. We ain't gonna work in the dark!"

Diss is What?

For those who enjoy reading:
read the whole article
For those who flunked 1st grade:
read just the underlined segments
For those who just get Yahoo for the
dirty pictures: stop after title

Sarah Diss, an associate professor of drama at Smith, met John Cunningham, an associate professor of drama at Amherst, during a Smith faculty meeting. Sarah, sitting in a staccato folding chair, benignly eyed John as he circulated a petition about the room. His petition called for the unionization of the women faculty members. John was circulating it because the petition's original sponsor, Mary Drake, was at this moment aborting John's baby in New York. Or so he believed. Initially Mary, a subdued feminist, had gone to Manhattan in order to have John's abortion. On arrival she decided to think it over for a few days and, as it would happen, concluded it would be best to keep the fetus. Ironically John had wanted the fetus also. He planned on having it trucked to a Harvard colleague who was conducting transplant experiments. John had connections. Thus he circulated the petition, thinking all the while about the nonconsummated abortion. "Can you truck a fetus to Boston? Maybe I ought to send it by air express." Yet, as he strolled towards Sarah, Mary had made the fetus into a premature baby boy.

"Hello, do you mind if I sit down?" inquired John of Sarah. Sarah nodded. John couldn't tell one nod from another. Hoping that her nod was an affirmative gesture, he sat down.

"Yes, ah...my name is John Cunningham. I'm circulating this petition for a friend. It's simply a...oh, manifesto, I suppose, dealing with equal pay and status for women faculty members. Would you like to sign?"

Sarah had not listened. Wiping her auburn hair from her face, her eyes turned from John and began to think of that name. John Cunningham? Where have I heard that name? As John was paged to the phone, she remembered. While working on her doctorate, a semantic analysis of Shakespeare's lexis, she came across a parody of VENUS AND ADONIS in The Harvard Lampoon. The author, John Cunningham, had taken the entire poem and freely inserted pornographic

passages between Shakespeare's stanzas. Sarah had admired the continuity and cleverness that the author had achieved with his additions. Because she was a linguistic deviate the piece had offered her some relief from the ever thickening Shakespearian bibliography. When John returned to her side, Sarah was smiling.

"Well, I'm a father," he said. "Would you like to sign the petition?"

"Glandly," replied Sarah.

John thought that if there are any punning perverts yet to be discovered on this planet, he would surely find them before he died.

First impressions are usually ephemeral. As John dated Sarah, he discovered that she was not perverted. She simply liked puns and Shakespearian language. John adjusted to this. When Sarah requested that he should call her "sweet bottom grass", an image from Venus and Adonis that she especially liked, he complied. Sarah thanked him and soon fell in love with John. John thought that

We will pause for a
brief
station identification
Yahoo

Sarah was perverted. John changes his mind sometimes. Time passes.

Several months after the birth of John's baby and into John's and Sarah's relationship, Mary returned from New York. She thought that John would marry her. Thus using the key that John had given her, she confidently entered John's digs. Upon entering the study, she noticed a young career girl lounging on a couch and reading a huge volume of something. "Who are you?" demanded Mary. Her baby awoke at these words and began struggling in the knapsack.

"Me! I'm Sarah Diss. I give John bliss."

Mary thought that if there are any rhyming perverts yet to be discovered on this planet, she would surely find them before she died.

"Well you tell John that we're through. He will never see his son."

Before Mary could exit, Sarah got out the Polaroid and snapped a picture of the baby. Returning to her tome, Sarah opened it to a chapter titled "The Non-use of Fetal Imagery in King Lear." She relaxed and began to read.

With the farewell of Mary, John and Sarah began to come around. John thought that it was about time for Sarah to have an abortion. He asked Sarah not to use her birth control pills. She ratiocinated and then agreed to John's request. Yet Sarah implored John to hold the abortive act in abeyance for the time being. Because Sarah had become president of the local union, her temples were continually tight. The administration was tolerant but remained unmoved, Sarah could not understand their position. After all, she thought, this is a women's college, I only want equal pay. Someday I will become Mrs. John Cunningham. Mrs. Don't they know this? No Ms. for me.

As the negotiations wore on, Sarah became increasingly distressed. John was eyeing other ovaries. The dichotomy between administration and faculty had to be settled. Hoping for an answer, she convened an emergency meeting of the union. Prior to the gaveling of the hall into order by Sarah, two opposing camps were already established. One side wished to strike the college while the other favored the initiation of legal action. Eyes turned to Sarah. She spoke:

"Women faculty members I have thought over the various postions and am now ready to decide in favor of the best proposal." This was strange because Sarah did not know how many proposals there were, least of all what they consisted of.

"As you all know," Sarah continued, "I have been sleeping with John Cunningham. If this thing is not settled

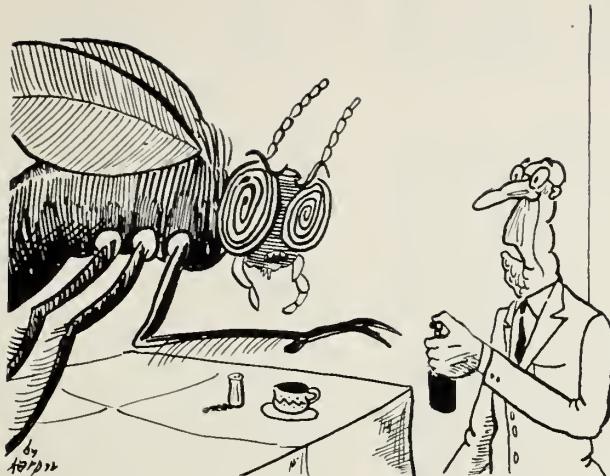
(Continued on P. 32)



UMASS GARBAGEONS

Humor From UMass Boston

Today we
learned
about about
dirty jokes



RAID!!!

YOUR ASS

BUDOY...

IN SCIENCE - A governmental test unit is being called in to investigate large amounts of food being taken from the dining commons. This seemingly small bit of news was brought to us by one of our staff. The question was, Why was a government test unit being called IN? Shouldn't this be a matter for the police and dining commons staff? To get the story, a Yahoo staffer was dispatched. The following interview was with Dr. Flentrop Whistle.

Yahoo: Dr. Whistle, why are you investigating the food thefts here at the common?

Whistle: That Question is quite simple to answer, you see, I am the only Entomologist in the area, my office being in downtown Amherst...

Yahoo: Entomologist? Excuse my ignorance, but what is an Entomologist?

Whistle: An Entomologist is one who studies insects.

Yahoo: But why would an Entomologist be called in to investigate food thefts, unless there were hoards of cockroaches infesting the dining commons?

Whistle: Close but no cigar, you see, it seems that there is an abundance of flies that are consuming the food.

Yahoo: Flies? Flies don't eat much. Besides, I should think that is a problem for extermination, don't you think so?

Whistle: This is a special mutant strain of the common housefly. They are larger than the usual normal one.

Yahoo: How much larger would you say? Twice, three times?

Whistle: No, no. More on the order of 2,200 pounds with an average wingspan of 25-feet.

Yahoo: Aw, com'on, flies don't get that big, even we don't exaggerate that much in our magazine.

Whistle: Oh, yes you do. Why I was reading your last iss...

Yahoo: Dr. Whistle, I was only making a figure of speech. Please tell

me about the flies.

Whistle: Later. I want to discuss your magazine now.

Yahoo: Dr. Whistle. I came here to obtain information on just what is going on around here. Now I'd like to know if this is bullshit or truth.

Whistle: Don't you understand what I said before? THE FLIES! ENORMOUS, GIGANTIC FLIES THAT CAN CARRY A BULLDOZER INTO THE AIR! THEY CAN OVERTURN CARS, FLY OVER TALL BUILDINGS, BEND STEEL IN THEIR BARE CLAWS. WE ARE DOOMED UNLESS WE FIND SOME WAY TO DESTROY THEM!

Yahoo: Don't bullets harm them?

Whistle: NO! An insect's body is covered with a hard shell. Now blow up the size of a fly 1,000,000 times and the shell has gotten 1,000,000 times harder.

Yahoo: What about Kryptonite? If it works on Superman, it should work on them.

Whistle: Fool! Anybody could tell you that you have to be born on the planet Krypton to have kryptonite effect you.

Yahoo: Where are these flies anyway, I haven't seen any of them, as a matter-of-fact, I don't think anybody has seen them. So how do you know about these flies?

Whistle: One of the night janitors in the dining hall called the police a couple nights ago to report a giant fly ripping off the door to a freezer. It was thought to have been a crank call until his dismembered body was found next to the freezer. Next to him was a giant wing.

Yahoo: Where are these giant flies now?

Whistle: Underground. They have made tunnels all over this campus. There they multiply and wait for the right time!

Yahoo: What do you mean by 'the right time'?

Whistle: Again you don't understand. Listen. An insect's brain is very small, only possessing simple neuron circuits,

but multiply the size of the fly and you multiply the size of his brain!

Yahoo: You mean that these jumbo flies may be smarter than us humans?

Whistle: Precisely! We are doomed unless we find some way to stop them before their numbers get too large.

Yahoo: What does the government propose to do?

Whistle: There is no choice, The Bomb.

Yahoo: You mean a thermonuclear bomb, here? Destroy the campus?

Whistle: Yes, the campus and the surrounding area. Within the week, for their numbers are astronomical in proportion!

Yahoo: But it'll take time to evacuate the area! Aren't they going to warn the people in the area?

Whistle: We can't. The Flies would find out and attack. They would spread all over multiplying and consuming all in their path! WE HAVE TO ACT NOW!

Yahoo: But all those people! Slaughtered, I mean vaporized.

Whistle: Now that I think of it, I have to go. My research team and I have to go to Washington right now.

Yahoo: Wait doctor, you said within the week?

Whistle: Maybe, maybe not, I don't exactly know. (he glances nervously at his watch)

Yahoo: Don't you feel any guilt? You butcher! PIG!

Whistle: Morton, get the truck and young man, Good luck! Try not to get to a shelter when you see a jet coming. With luck, it will be full of flies and they'll eat you. Better a quick death than a slow one from radiation.

Yahoo: WHAT?? Wait, Dr. Whistle. Do you have any room in your truck?

Whistle: I think so, hop in.

Yahoo: Great. Oh, by the way, do they have any humor magazines in Washington.....

Joint Venture

The snow fell thick and soft among the spruce and cedar, and somewhat more sparsely among the alders, which it despised. But Sergeant Space was not about to let snow stop him as he trudged after his quarry through the great desolate expanse of New Brunswick. For three months, Sergeant Space and his wonder dog, Doper, had been on the trail of the elusive Hipley Potlash, pushing through countless miles of pulp company desolation and ankle-biting slash, through polluted streams and rivers, through the occasional sulphuric haze and stench of pulp and other industry, through incredible sums of tax revenue. Here was evidence that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police do not fool about, and Space felt the awesome burden of a sacred trust, not to mention that old buffalo coat that weighed heavily upon his shoulders. Potlash must be apprehended and made to pay for his dastardly crime if Canada was to be saved from him and his kind.

Far ahead, Hipley Potlash puffed merrily on a joint of fine B.C. grass and smiled as he walked through the snowy hills. "Such foolishness," he mused, pausing for a moment at the crest of a low hill. Hipley regarded most of the civilized world as a joke to be laughed at or ignored, or at most taken with a grain of hash, and it was this as much as anything else that so royally irked the RCMP. Now, he regarded the RCMP as a joke. In a flippant mood, he had walked down the street of

St. Undress smoking a joint and waving the peace sign to the mayor, the town councilors, the mounties, and countless other stolid citizens who did not appreciate this gesture of goodwill. Now they were intent on jailing him for twenty or so years, a plan that Potlash felt duty-bound to thwart. A month or two he could put up with, just for the fun of the whole thing; but such absurd vengeance he had not counted upon.

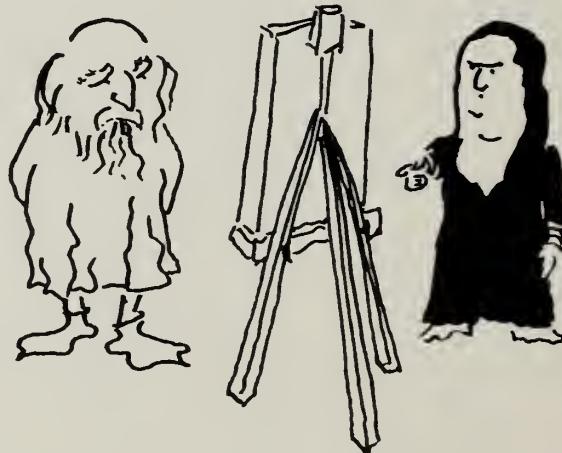
However, things always seemed to work out well, and this was not exception. Potlash had been planning a survival trek through the wilderness for some time: the RCMP had simply sided the fates and made it happen. But now, after three months of trekking through the remains of New Brunswick's natural bounty and beauty, Hipley Potlash felt

bored. He considered himself well enough versed in survival, and began to yearn for his woman, a beer, and a good rap session. And so it was that, casting his fate to the wind and hoping for a lenient judge, Potlash sat down to await Sergeant Space and Doper.

"Aha! So you have," replied Hipley, "have a joint."

Back in St. Undress at last, Space marched his prisoner proudly into RCMP headquarters. Nobody smiled. "I've some sad news for you, Sergeant," muttered Lieutenant Bigwig. "While you were off on your mission, Parliament legalized marijuana retroactively."

"Arrrrrrgh," said Space softly under his breath, "Double arrrrrrgh!" At which Hipley smiled and pulled out a packet concealed in his boot. "Joint, anyone?"



...and you made my face yellow, Leo, and why do I have that silly smirk, and that back ground, and...

The Old Storyteller's Corner:

Tales From the Old Rustic, Himself

Well bless my soul! Here we are again at the Old Storyteller's corner, gettin' ready for another excitin' down home story that is both true and excitin' enough to make ya dumb with wonder. So pull up a chair, duffy, an' sit yourself down.

Wal, I was just back from the woods one day, when I spotted the car of a notorious lawbreaker cruisin' down the road towards my house at about seventy mile an hour or so, goin' t' beat all blazes. I was still back o' the house, so the house blocked my view as the car zipped behind it, or in front as the case may be, and I was a bit bewildered when I noticed that it didn't reappear on the other side which it should have done very quickly, travellin' at that almighty speed. So I trucked on down to the house, walked in, and peered careful

like out the window so as not to become noticeable, in order to discover what was happening.

You can imagine my amazement when I saw the car stopped right in the bottom o' my driveway, and an unmarked road patrol car right behind it, and the two of them pluggin' up my drive. Well, the officers they got out of their car, and the lawbreaker he got out of his, and they just confronted one another. I won't mention the lawbreaker's name, cuz he's more or less a friend o' mine even though he owes me seven bucks an' maybe more, but a friend nonetheless, and I won't give him away. Anyhow, he an' his girlfriend were there talkin' t' the cops and me hopin' they'd settle it quick and split so as not to cause any commotion that might involve me. (I don't like gettin' involved on the wrong

side, or on any side for that matter)

All of a sudden I looked up the road an' there was, well, another friend whose name I won't mention cause his head's worth a couple hundred bucks in any police station in the US and darned unwelcome in Canada. So he an' his wife come down the road an' say okay what's the trouble to the cops. And the cops say, well we caught so an' so driving without a license, an' drunk, and with beer open in the car, and with a runaway girl, an' his arrest for a car he stole up in blahblah and we had no choice. Well my other friend he took the beer an' he held it up and said to the cop you don't see this, do you, an' the cop said no, so an' so, I don't, an' then my friend said well in that case I'm takin' it up here to my friend's house, okay? an' the cop said okay, you take it up and I don't see it.



*I'm glad you're gettin' to see this, son.
They're damn' near extinct.*

So I opened the front door an' said hi, an' c'mon in, cause I don't believe in arguin' with people the cops are scared of, and would rather have them as friends than enemies, seein' as how their enemies usually get a quick burial. So they told me what's happenin' and gave me a beer, and took turns goin' down to talk the cops outta the warrant trip they were into. Well, I swear I never heard O' this happenin' anywhere before, but they got the cops to forget about everything but the warrant, and then got them to agree not to serve the warrant if my friend agreed to show up in court on such and such a date which he agreed to do, but which the cops an' the rest of us knew he wouldn't do.

So the cops left, and so did the

(Continued on P. 30)



IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND

KARP'S KORN ER



Where were you when the ship was sunk, sir?



“NEXT”



Thanks for the nickel Mr. John D. Rockefeller!

So you've always wanted to be a



New, more efficient 5- College bus service.

From: Manager, Student Senate
Yahoo Collection

To: All non RSO groups

Subj: Use of Student Senate Yahoo

1. Groups desiring the use of a Yahoo should submit a request using either the 1944 Yale ap-

plication forms or the British 1808 version. These forms must be signed by the group leader (no substitutes accepted) and must include minutes of desired use and the name of the person flipping the pages.

2. Yahoos go on a first come-first serve basis.

Yahoo editors

Yahoo staff

Yahoo friends

Yahoo enemies

Salvation Army

Edgar Allen Poe

U Mass students (if you get there by 8:00 a.m. sharp)

3. All groups must have an account to cover overdue fines on the Yahoos they expect to borrow.

4. The rate for all groups except Yahoo and connected 5th cousins will be \$10 per page. Groups will be responsible for their own trash barrels.

For those students who feel left out of the RSO Swing, know that we have dedicated these few pages to let you in. Dig the groove?



Amherst
545-2683

5. Upon approval of a Yahoo request, the Yahoo dispatcher will call the group and notify them of the time and place to pick up the Yahoo and page turning form.

6. The page turning form must be filled out complete (from beginning to end) and any rips, tears, or smudges should be reported on this form. This form must be turned in with the Yahoo.

7. Groups who expect to use this service often should invest in their own autographed copies. Checks payable to:

Editor

% Sunshine Hotel
Beachtown, Florida 00000

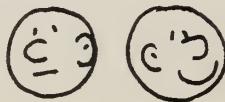
8. All questions about this service should be directed to SIMS (Student International Meditation Services) for having an office next to Yahoo. Phone 545-0863.

Sal A. Mander
Manager

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

Student Senator



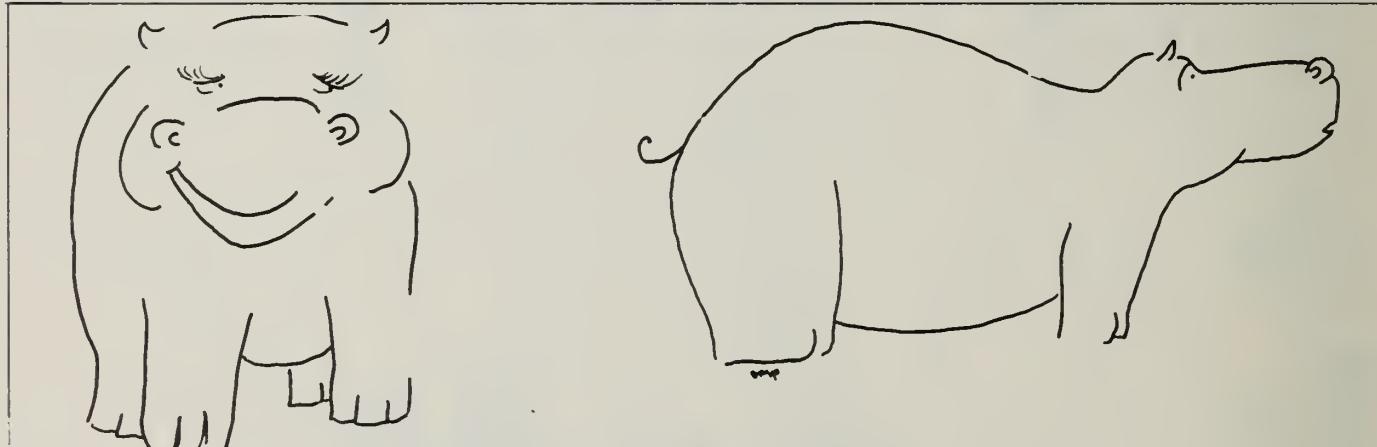
I don't care what he's done,
the Senator is a swine

Oh, hello Senator.





YAHOO Proposes its Budget to Student Senate Members



Oral What??



SENATE'S WOMEN COMMITTEE

RSO #823-1/2

*Moved to amend by category change: reduce * categories by 75% and add same to category 430/40/50.



GIANT GOAT - HEAD UNEARTHED AT FINE ARTS EXCAVATION. EXPERTS BELIEVE IT IS FROM THE ROCCOCO PERIOD OF TIME.

One Day At The Home of The Chancellor of a Large University

DOOR: Knock, knock
(Chancellor opens door, revealing young type hippie in traveling gear, backpack included, of course)

CHANCELLOR: Yes?

KNOCKER: You must be Chancellor Bromo Seltzer.

CHANCELLOR: I am. What can I do for you?

K: You may not believe this, but the Lord has sent me here.

C: Oh?

K: Well, actually He sent me to Cincinnati, Ohio, and I'm on my way there now.

C: Is that a fact? So what brings you to Amwurst?

K: Well, believe it or not, the Lord directed me to these very steps. I need a place to sleep. I could also use a meal, drink, and a bath. While you're at it, hows about \$57.89 for plane fare to Cinci?

C: (pointing to large campus below) Tell you what, there's a place down there called Room to Groove, and they're looking for people just like you. As a matter of fact, they're holding a seminar this week called "Bum trips to Cincinnati and points West."

K: Outta sight, man. Hey, can you spare a cigarette?

C: (handing K cig and matches) Sure. Have a good trip, don't do anything I wouldn't do.

K: I dig. (K heads in the general direction of Room To Groove, but as soon as the Chancellor's house is out of sight, he cuts into Wheeler Dealer house, a dorm.)

(Inside Wheeler Dealer)
FRIENDS OF K: Hey Howie, did he fall for it?



Chancellor Bromo Seltzer answers the door in his evening clothes. (Yahoo Photo by University of Grassachusetts Archives)

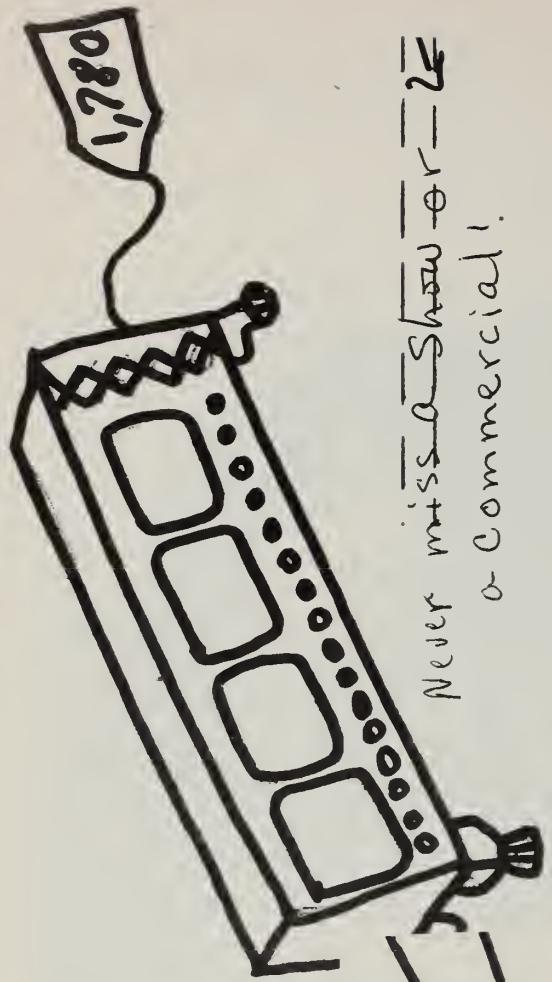
HOWIE (K): Yup. All I got was a cigarette, but while I had him at the door Zinger got in the back window and took everything but old Bromo's stash. We figured that'd be too much.

FRIEND: That's alright. Now we'll have enough bread to keep us in dope, sex, and

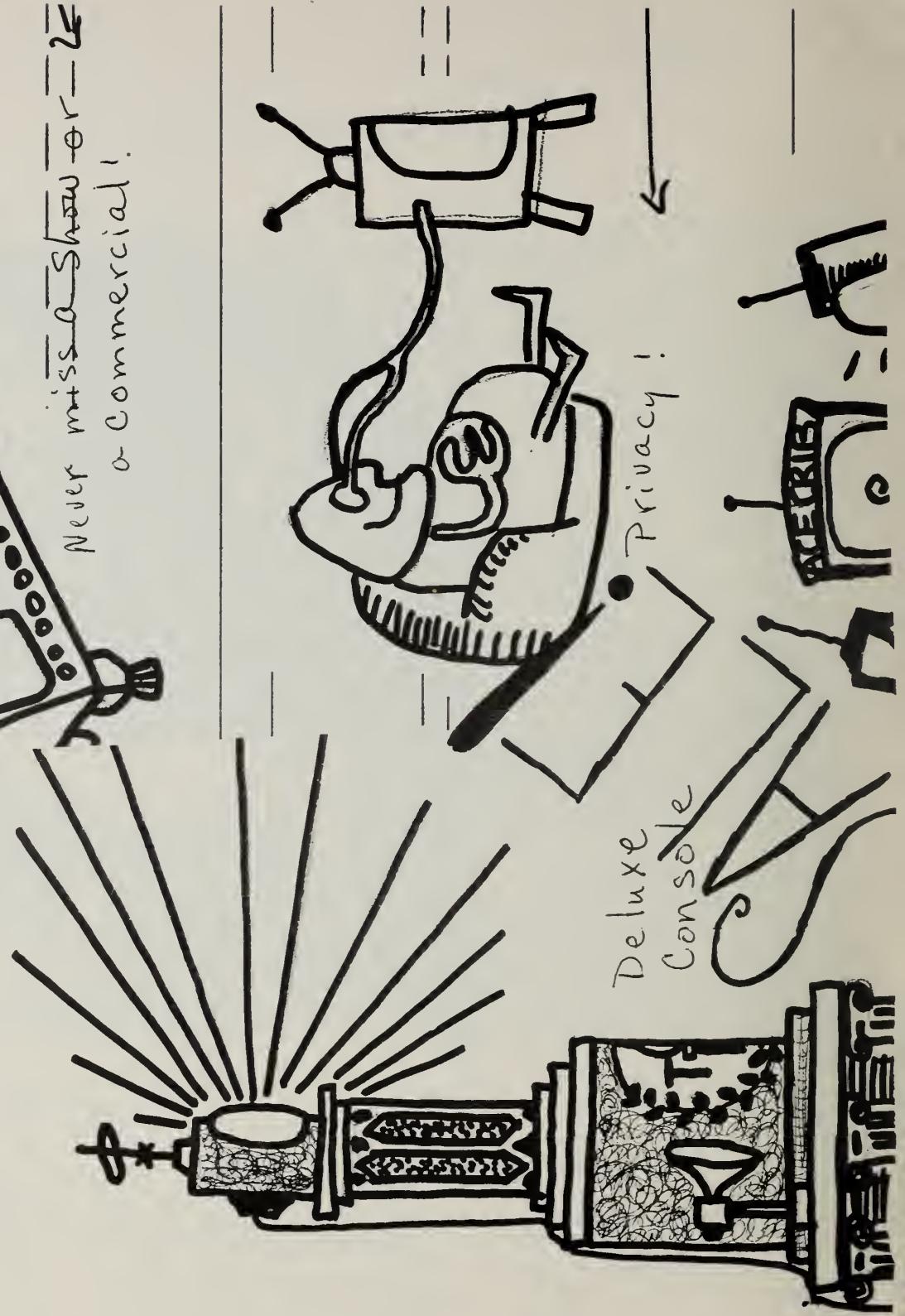
violence for at least the weekend.

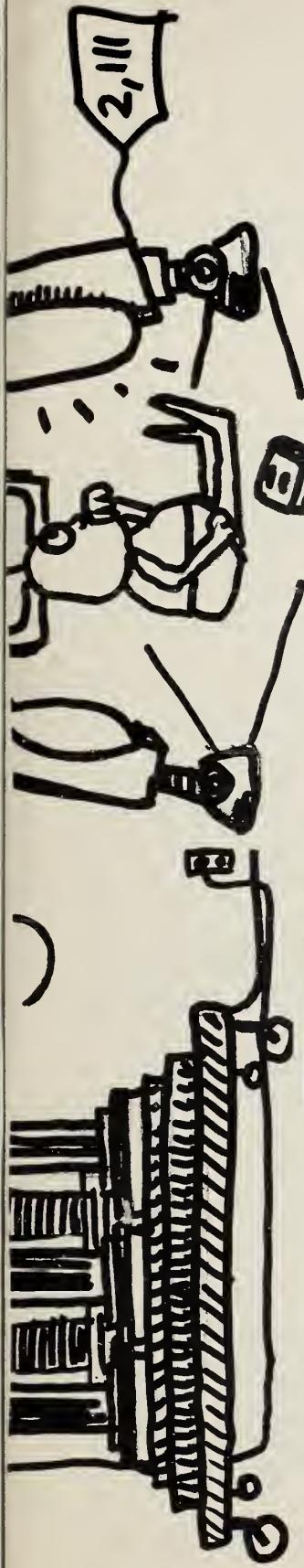
HOWIE: Not too bad. Hey, remind me to write a letter to the Daily Collegiate tomorrow. Such cooperation between administration and students shouldn't go unnoticed. It's nice to know an administrator is there when you need him.

Joe's T.V.

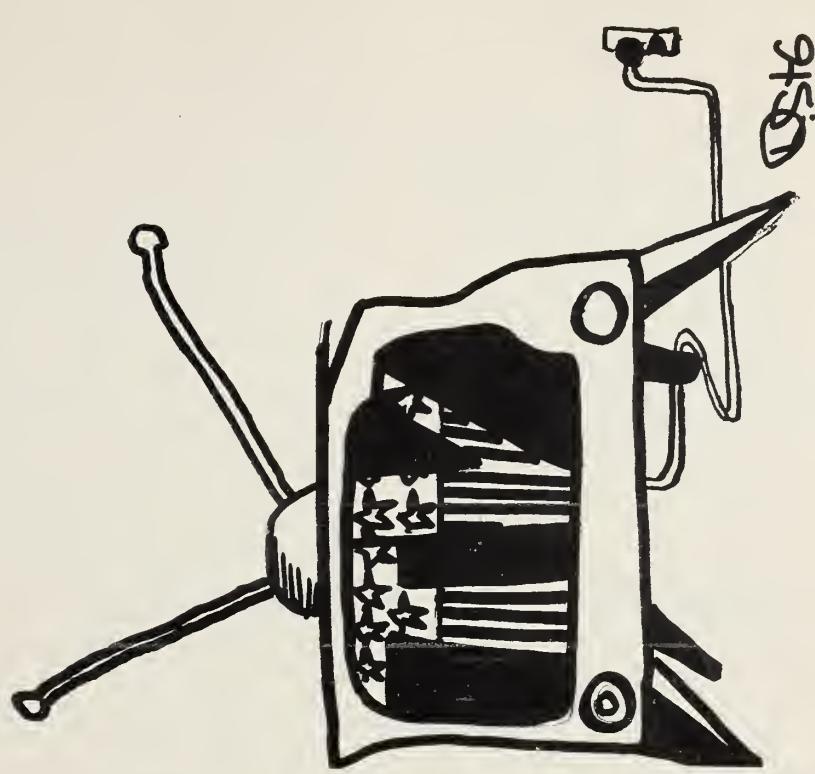


Never miss a Show or a Commercial!





Convenient CRIB!



10

ENTERTAINED

(Continued from P. 17)

others. I declined an offer to drive up to a wood camp with them for a drunk, and sat relieved by my window wondering about it all.

DEEP LAKE NEWS

There are no deep lakes in Borneo to speak of.

MARSHA remember the fifties? I still dig you, love, John.



YUSHNIK SAYS

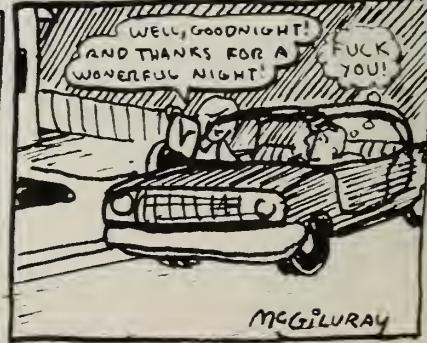
Dave

THIS IS A
FREE TICKET
It's not good for anything
IT'S JUST FREE
Compliments of THE GREAT SOCIETY



= WHEW = All this for a blind date

"THE PROM"



Trip back to those happy daze

As the appointed hour drew near, the gates of Hell's Kitchen slowly crept open. Through the swirling mist were visible the vile and evil creatures who were in part responsible for our plight, dancing with joy at the thought of new victims to torture. Gasping for our very life's breath, we drew nearer the forboding portals, dreading this ritual we were forced to perform daily. Lurching forward, each step a brilliant show of courage and determination, we

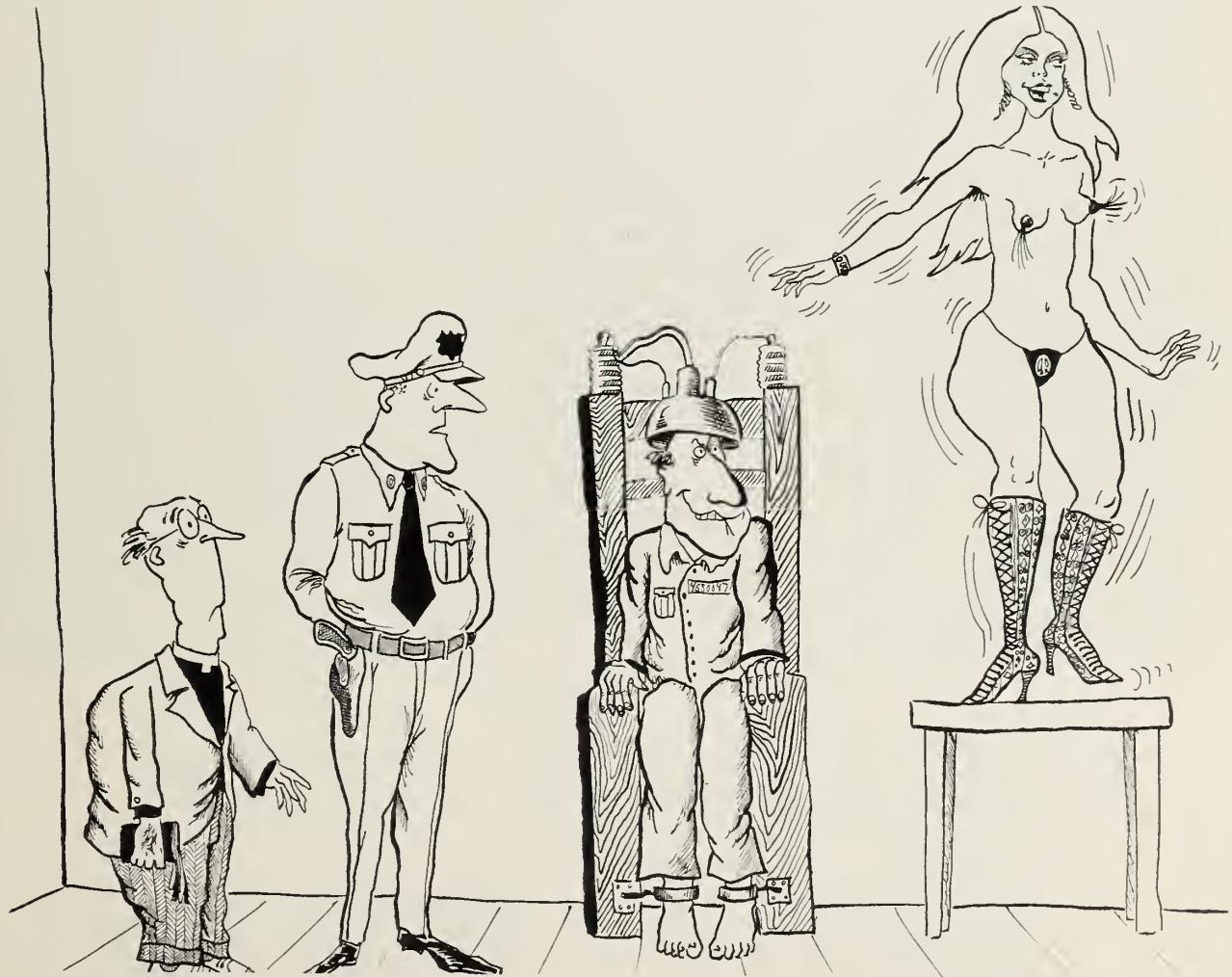
reached for the slop trays on which should be heaped an unattractive, unwholesome conglomeration of swill. Trying to lessen our suffering, we picked around the undesirable wares, so audaciously placed before us. Finally I, unable to tolerate the unhidden cakles of the attending imps, near physical illness form the stench before me, chuzged my tray to the ground and stalked back to my cell, near starvation. At, but a bitter and desperate man.

INSURANCE COMPANIES
FIRST INSURANCE MAN
SLEEPS WITH HIS OWN WIFE
(THAT'S HOME INSURANCE)

SECOND INSURANCE MAN
SLEEPS WITH HIS GIRL-FRIEND
(THAT'S MUTUAL BENEFIT)

THIRD INSURANCE MAN
SLEEPS WITH CHORUS GIRL
(THAT'S NEW YORK LIFE)

FOURTH INSURANCE MAN
SLEEPS WITH HIS SECRETARY
(THAT'S EMPLOYEES MUTUAL
BENEFIT)



Last Requests

(Continued from P. 12)

soon, he will leave me. Thus I have reached a decision. We will..."

Before she could finish her decree, a tumult from the back of the hall caught everyone's attention. Emerging from the confusion was Mary, a man-child strapped to her back. Striding to Sarah, she raised a small-caliber pistol and unhesitatingly fired one shot. As she fell off the podium, Sarah was reported to have said, "Oh, I am slain."

Sarah was not injured seriously. John and she agreed to drop the charges against Mary. While Sarah recovered in the infirmary, the union won its demands. Today she was thinking

about the victory when John entered. He visited her often.

"How's my sweet bottom grass today?" he asked.

"Fine, fine," she replied.

"Well you just take your time getting better. I can get a room in New York for you at any time."

Sarah thanked John. Turning to leave, John, as did Sarah, heard a strange noise. John opened the door and peered down the hall. Thinking that life was tough, he returned to Sarah's side.

"What's that sound?" asked Sarah.

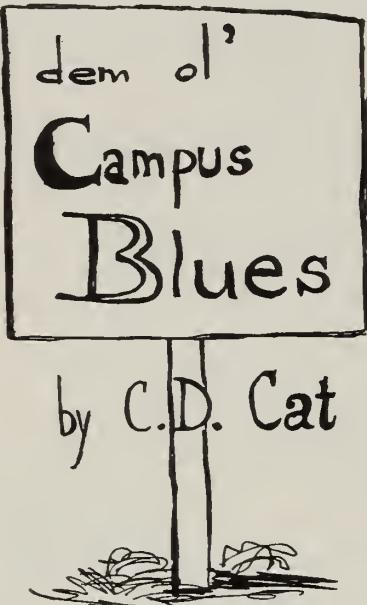
"It's Mary," John replied. "She's driving a lawnmower down the hall. I think she's coming here. Be strong,

Sarah, be strong."

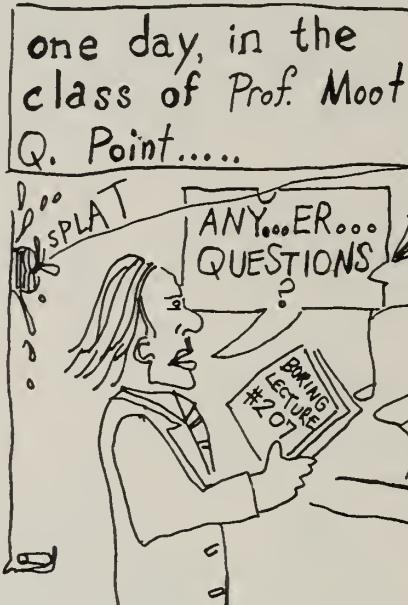
"I will, John, I will."

Bowing his head, John opened the door for Mary. She was driving a 12 horsepower riding lawnmower. The man-child was in the attached grass catcher, clapping his hands and shouting, "Diss must be the place!" As Mary drove around the bed, Sarah began to chant, "Hirsute, I know not why I am so sad." John left the room and spied a young nurse. I ought to get a discount, he thought, and went for her. While he plied his trade, he faintly heard the man-child recite Sonnet 154.

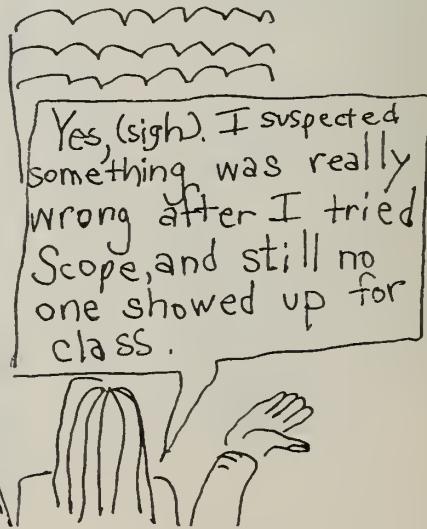
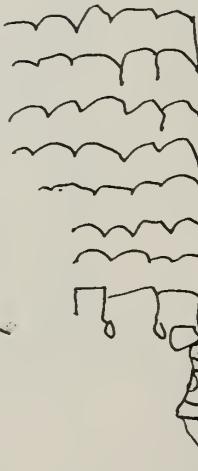
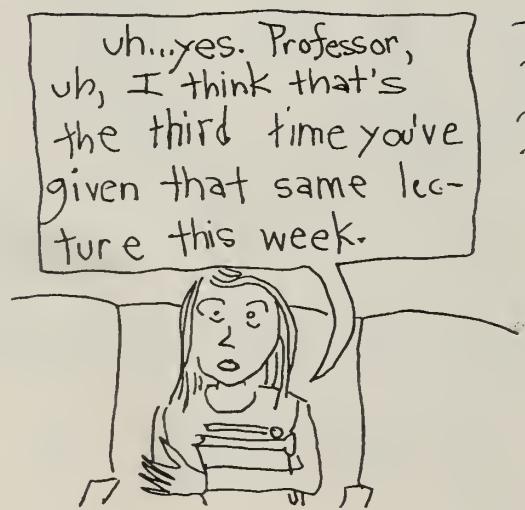
"Very good diction!" screamed Sarah.



suddenly...

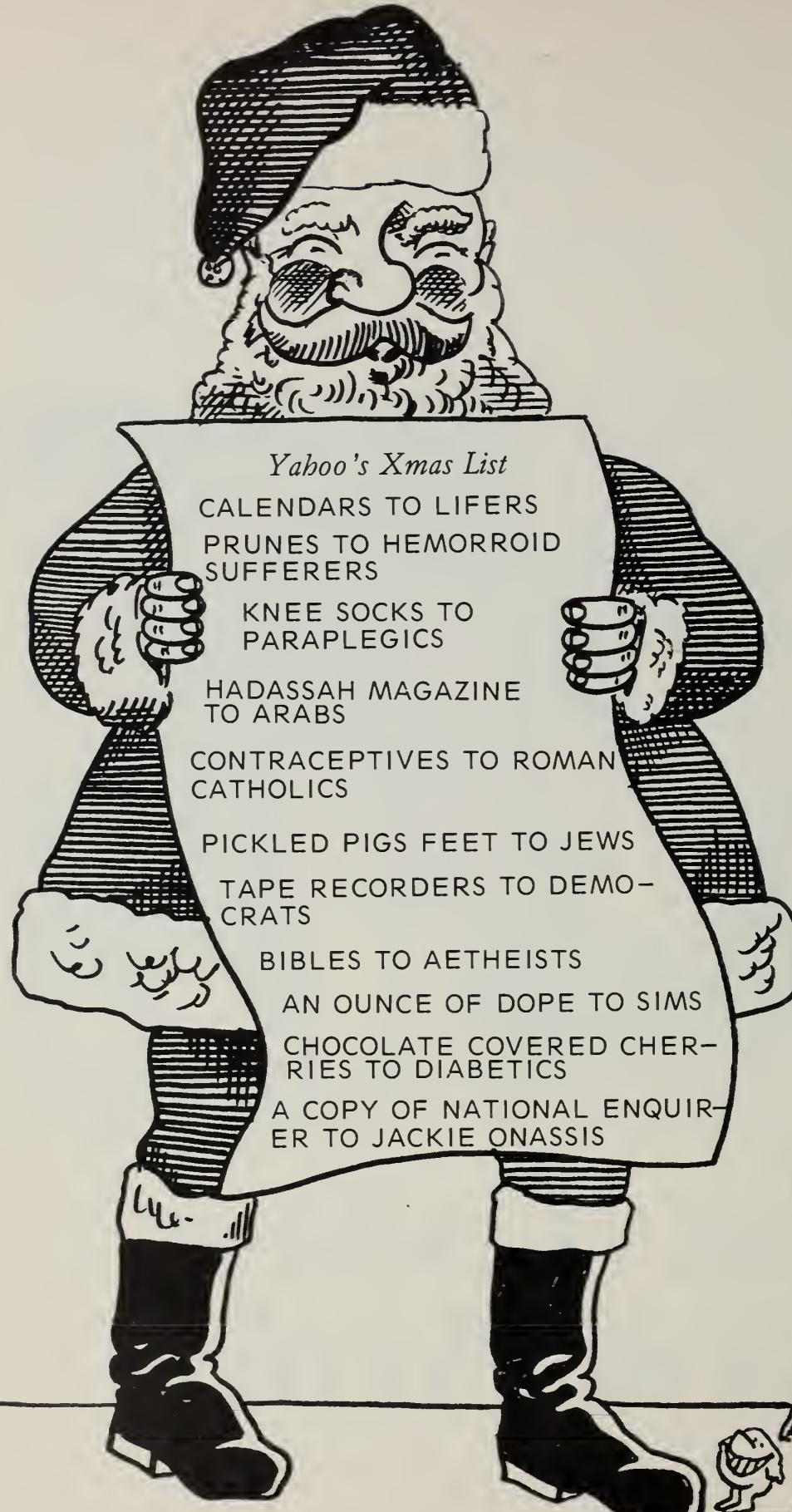


- 2 -





Join Today's
Action Army



by
S. Karp '72

(Continued from P. 8)

After then, footshock was delivered until the S would respond. After two more trials, responding ceased again until the S's paws were burned off. Once again, footshock was delivered until the S responded with his feet. To hinder the gradual vaporization of the S, he was packed in asbestos before every session. This was discontinued because it was found that the S was violently allergic to asbestos.

Extinction produced surprising results. Activity meters registered zero after ten minutes, indicating that the subject was motionless. The reason for this was that the subject had died ten minutes after the onset of the extinction period, a strange coincidence. After the box had cooled enough so fire-suited technicians could get close enough to open the door with six-foot tongs, the remains of the S were taken to Pathology to determine the cause of death. The S was found to have lost 925 pounds. It was from this that our Pathology department finally reached the conclusion that the S had died from malnutrition.

Discussion

The data clearly shows that when a negative reinforcement is paired with a positive one, malnutrition is produced. Also that the Alaskan Brown Bear is afraid of fire. It seems that you do not get an integration of the response curves. We here at ISC find this type of experiment rewarding in the sense that you have to think and act quickly, such as running like Hell when the S escapes, or fleeing from a burning building, or finding new innovative methods of making Ss respond during stress.

This experiment has lead to the idea that if the Alaskan Brown Bear contracts malnutrition from this type of conditioning, then with better controls, we might have found a way to take off weight in humans in 23 days.

Zoombis and Tweely: The Effects of U.S. Army Regulation Flame Throwers on the Alaskan Brown Bear, Psycho-Science for Beginners, Vol. 56, 145-148, 1944.

Epis and Ignu, The Effects of the U.S. Army Regulation Flame-Thrower Versus the Effects of Common Ordinary House Current on the Aslakan Brown Bear, Crochet and Needlework, Vol. 125 776-784, 1543.

Dubba, Yucca and Baduumph, The Effects of American LaFrance Fire Extinguishers in Eliciting Fear in the Alaskan Brown Bear, Numbian Psychology, Vol. 4, 65-71, 1066.

Doodoo and Yum-Yum, The Effects of Fire on Animals and Overt Behavior in the Alaskan Brown Bear, Mayfloweristic Psychology, Vol. 3, 43-55, 1643.



Are you familiar with my Lay Away Plan?

Ads for Ills

FOOL THE EXPERTS with this realistic money you can make quickly and easily at home. Make up to two million dollars weekly in your spare time. Send no money now; if interested, simply send name and address. A salesman will call.

SELL SEEDS, earn prizes or money in your spare time. Your friends will just love our own special packets of grass seeds that you can sell easily and quickly. Included with each exotic shipment is a booklet of instructions and an authentic-looking grower's permit. The New Deal, 1327 Mare Iguana Way, Acapulco, Mexico.

BET YOUR ASS Massachusetts runs a lottery. Send fifty cents per ticket to LUIGI'S, Department of Gaming, State House, Boston. Remember: unauthorized gambling is still immoral and dirty -- support your state lottery ONLY.

PAPAL PEOPLE PILLS: 50¢ per doz. Look just like birth-control pills, but are actually

harmless, moral sugar-pills. Fool your immoral friends, relatives, by substituting these for the real ones! Each pill given to a sinner is a step toward salvation for YOU! Vatican Sales Co., Inc., NYC, NY.

USED countries, governments in exotic Latin America. Cheap, simple, easy-to-run. Bring your own army. South America Development Corp., Box 3349B, Wheeling, W.Va.

BE A GURU! Send 500 dollars for complete course and Guru's certificate. Amaze your friends, levitate your enemies, with exciting psychic powers, just like the old fools in Tibet. U-Guru, 347 E. 24th St., NYNY

BE A JESUS FREAK! Bible, beads, holy bread recipe, and sample fanatic raps all included in exciting kit for only \$15 from SOULSAVERS. First 25 orders receive at no extra charge a genuine Bible Belt.

BREATHAWAY the mouthwash that really works. Kills germs on contact!! Cleans out your mouth in seconds!! The only leading mouthwash containing the new miracle cleanser HC1 that eats away anything in its path.

HONKIES! You f*ckin honky pigs gotta dig on this or we're gonna bust ass: Soul Kits, plus two tubes anti-honky ultra-glow ebony skin-tint. ONLY 10 dollars from Racist enterprises, RD #1, Boise, Idaho.

NIGGERS! You f*ckin darky pigs gotta dig on this or we're gonna blow some brains out: Whitey Kits, plus two tubes anti-blacky ultrabright white skintint and bleach. Only 10 dollars from racist enterprises, RD #1, Boise, Idaho.

OTHER SHITHEADS! You dolts gotta be hybrids or sumpin, so we're gonna wipe you right out -- whether you're red, yellow, or brown. Unless you send 10 dollars for the kit of your choice (black or white ONLY!!!) to Racist Enterprises, RD#1, Boise, Idaho.

HUMANS! Get it together or you'll all get wiped out. Free info. Just send 25¢ postage & handling to: TOGETHERNESS, Red Plains, Long Rift, Mars.





YUSHNIK, STATIONARY



50¢

50¢

50¢

The message that keeps on going!